

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 229 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

TERMS: \$3.00 a Year in Advance.

No. 23.

MY DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

If I might but recall that day!
That happy day, living folded away,
A leaf in the book of time—
My blossom from life's May!

The sun cannot shine for me
As once it shone in a day that is gone—
A day that is fast in its grave,
As wide and deep as the sea.

Is there comfort in dead joy?
Why cannot hearts break for dead love's sake?
Must we still live on, though hope be gone?
And life such a worthless toy?

I thought old father Time
Dropped from his palm a healing balm
As he gathered the dead hours in—
Rain for all hearts save mine!

Am I mourning still for that day?
I would give those years, blotted with tears,
And the long, long years, purchase to come,
I would blow with a breath away—
Only give me back my day!

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER I. LOST ON THE HILLS.

"I say, Frank, this is getting rather serious. Can we have taken the right way? 'Twould be no pleasant matter to be lost on these hills, for night is coming on, and there is an unmistakable chill of snow in the air. Is there no sign of a cabin ahead?"

"None at all, Philip. We appear to be going further and further from human habitation. This road is no road at all any more—a mere mountain path. It leads deeper into the woods, I believe; and I propose that we turn back."

"Anything for a change; this is becoming slightly monotonous," exclaimed the second speaker.

"What?"

"Anything for a change, you say. Well, we are to have it—a change of weather. There fell the first snow-flake."

"When?" cried the other, in a sort of dismayed whisper. "It is as I feared. We are in for it indeed, and shall shelter soon. We will turn our horses' heads, and make for the river. We may chance upon a lumber-camp or saw-mill, and either would be better than this gloomy forest."

The riders, for both were mounted, accordingly wheeled about and began the difficult task of retracing their steps. They were handsome, stalwart young fellows, whose bright eyes and intelligent faces would impress the beholder favorably at once. They wore the garb of woodmen, but something in their air and bearing denoted that they were not forest-bred. A keen observer would have guessed from the way in which they moved, and from the way in which they looked at the forest, that their presence among these hills was accidental rather than habitual.

Their names were Frank Leighton and Philip Wayne. Two more gallant, fearless and companionable young men were seldom to be met with. The former—the result of his companion's year or two—was, physically, a splendid specimen of American manhood, somewhat exceeding the latter in this respect, though both were singularly prepossessing in exterior. Of their social and mental qualities we shall learn more, further on.

Frank Leighton was tall in person; his figure faultless in proportion, with strength as well as grace expressed in its outline. His features were bold and well defined, yet possessing a softened look, as if he were gentle as well as brave. His eyes were of a bright, dark-gray; his hair fine, glossy and abundant, sweeping back in raven masses from a forehead both broad and high. His complexion was pure, though exposure to the weather had somewhat browned the naturally fair skin. A countenance, sunny even in his present perplexity, he possessed; gentleness, courage, good-nature could there be read. As his name was, so was his nature.

His companion, Philip Wayne, was not so admirable in his physical make, but was distinguished by greater beauty of feature. There was evidently more of passion and sentiment in his nature—his feelings, though no purer, might be finer. He was of medium height; his frame compact and muscular, though lacking the rufous grace that was noticeable in that of his friend. His eyes were very dark, as was also his hair; his features were classical in their regularity, and their expression very pleasing. More thoughtful, more intellectual, more passionate than Leighton, like him he carried a cheerful spirit and a warm heart.

Both were pure-minded and well-principled; both had lived in virtue and temperance, and their reward was manifest in their abounding spirits, and their blooming health and strength. They were the sons of gentlemen, accustomed more to the "world" than the wilderness, yet at ease in both.

The snow-flakes thickened from the moment the first had been observed, and soon the air was dim with the descending whiteness. The young men surveyed the situation with considerable anxiety, though they were not yet really alarmed. They apprehended nothing worse than a fatiguing ride in the storm and the probability of having to pass the night in some uncomfortable cabin.

The region through which they were passing was one of the wildest of the timber districts of Pennsylvania. It was near one of the upper tributaries of the Delaware, and

at the period of which we write—nearly fifty years ago—was covered with a magnificent growth of pine and hemlock. The primeval forest, standing as the Indians had left it, was around them, though the axe of the lumberman and pioneer was soon to be used against it. Vast were the treasures it yielded to the raftsmen and the builder, and even to this day it is not exhausted, but annually from those wilds are floated great quantities of timber to supply the wants of the growing and greedy towns and villages below.

"Are we to have a regular north-easter?" said Philip Wayne as they faced the blinding snow. "A north-easter, even in April, in this northern region is not to be made light of. Are we to be snowed under, Frank, and heard of no more until some lumberman discovers our bones next May?"

The tone of the speaker was jesting, but a real anxiety was depicted in his countenance. "Not so bad as that, I trust," answered his companion, "but we may have an unpleasant experience before getting out of this. What a dismal sound the wind makes to these pines; it is enough to cause one to shudder."

"It is a mournful music, truly. I usually enjoy a snow-storm, but I do not like all these accompaniments. Are we on the right line of retreat, do you think, Frank?"

"We are certainly riding toward the river, and that is our safest course. The road is hardly to be seen, but we must manage to follow it. To lose that would be to lose ourselves."

"We were rash, perhaps, to attempt this cross-cut to Rankton, though we were told it was quite direct. But it is too late to regret now."

That old hunter premeditated upon his own familiarity with the locality, I suppose, when he directed us. You do not imagine that he would deceive us, Phil?"

"Assuredly not; he only erred in thinking that we could follow the path with the same ease that he could himself."

"It is a wonder that he was not more explicit in his directions. There are no egotists like these old hunters. They delight in giving information to strangers, and in displaying their knowledge of woodcraft. They have a perfect contempt for our ignorance, too. They think the mountains were made for them, as they surely were for the mountains."

"I would rejoice to have one of them with us at the present moment. Then I should have no fear of having to make my bed of a snow-drift."

All this time the two travellers were urging their horses on, doing their best to maintain the proper direction.

A word or two in explanation of their presence in that lonely region, may here be acceptable to the reader.

The primary object of their visit was to transact some important business for the father of Frank Leighton, who was largely interested in the rafting operations of that part of the country. Philip Wayne had accompanied his friend, partly because the latter had expressed a desire to have him do so, and partly from a love of variety and adventure.

The secondary object they had in view was to ascertain the whereabouts and effect the arrest, if possible, of a notorious river-sterling, who had been concerned in the perpetration of a series of bold robberies that had recently been committed along the Delaware, from Easton to Trenton. Murder had been the culminating crime of these evil-doers, and a large reward had been offered by the authorities for their apprehension. Suspicion had been secretly but strongly directed toward an individual known as River Dickson, who was ostensibly engaged in the rafting business, but who, it was supposed, made that honest calling only a cover for his nefarious doings. He thus provided for himself and his associates upon the river, and a large reward had been offered by the authorities for their apprehension.

Circumstances led to this conclusion, and Frank Leighton—whose father had been one of the sufferers at the hands of the robbers—had accidentally come into possession of in-

formation that induced the belief that the head-quarters and chief haunt of the band were on the shores of the upper Delaware.

Having business that would take him to that locality, desiring to assist in breaking up the villainous organization, and stimulated by the large reward offered for the capture of its leader, he had imparted his secret to his friend, Philip Wayne, and they had resolved to attempt the exciting work of ferreting out and arresting the desperadoes.

Obtaining a warrant for his arrest, and securing the services of a county constable, they had ventured into the district which they felt assured afforded a hiding place to the outlaws. It was a somewhat perilous undertaking, but they expected the co-operation of the raftsmen of the river, to whose number were suspected of evil-doing ashore. Naturally indignant because of this rumor, it was presumed that the raftsmen, who were a wild, but in general a gallant class, would desire to have the real offenders brought to justice, that their own fame might be cleared.

The business that his father had entrusted to his care had been satisfactorily transacted by Frank Leighton, and with his friend he had set out for Rankton, where they were to join the constable, who had gone ahead to "reconnoitre." They had expected to meet him early that afternoon, but attempting a nearer path to the place, instead of the circuitous route around the mountain, they had missed their way, and thus found themselves in the unpleasant situation in which we left them.

"Lawton will think we are long in coming," said Frank. "We would have been in Rankton before this had we not rather foolishly attempted to expedite our meeting."

"This said that the longest way round is the nearest road home in sleighing time," replied Philip, with a laugh; "and as snow is becoming quite abundant, the saying doubtless holds good; we should have taken the longest way."

"We must make the best of it now. I hope, if we are snowed under for a day or two, that Lawton won't get impatient and start for home."

"He would not do that; he is too eager to get his hands on River Dick to abandon the undertaking so early."

"I fear he will be obliged to do without our assistance," sighed Frank Leighton. "And what a disappointment I am doomed to bear," he added, with a sigh. "You can't imagine, Phil, what pleasure—rapture even—I promised myself in restoring to Aunt Esther her stolen silver spoon!"

"Either her stolen silver spoon?" returned Philip. "You will do well if you succeed in restoring yourself to your aunt. How the good lady would distress herself if she knew of our present predicament."

"To the spoon, I conjecture they are down the river, with the other plunder. Only the villainous themselves are to be found in this quarter."

"What now?" he suddenly exclaimed, as his companion drew sharp rein on his horse.

"We are off the track again, Philip," said Frank, seriously. "Look at that gigantic stump."

He pointed to an enormous hemlock stump, fully eight feet high, and of striking appearance, covered as it was with snow.

"We never passed that," he declared; "I would have noticed it. It is broken off in a peculiar manner. We have taken the wrong path, with all our care. I have looked sharply to the right and left, but we are lost, Philip, lost on the hills, and with a northeast snow-storm raging."

The faces of both assumed a more serious expression than they had yet worn. They began to be really alarmed.

"What shall we do?" asked Philip Wayne, in great perplexity. "If we go on, it may be that we shall only make matters worse. To retrace our steps is impossible."

"We cannot be far from the river, but the trouble is to know what direction to take to reach it. We are as likely to go deeper into the forest as toward the stream. Your hearing is exquisitely sharp, Phil; can you detect the roaring of the river?"

Both listened attentively for some mo-

ments, but the wail of the wind through the branches of the trees overpowered every other sound.

"I hear nothing but the noise of the storm," spoke Philip.

"Let us go on, trusting to Providence to lead us out of this."

They quickened the pace of their animals, and through the dim and desolate woods rode steadily and almost in silence for nearly half an hour. The path they were endeavoring to follow led to the summit of a ridge of considerable elevation, from which a partial view of their surroundings could be obtained.

They halted and gazed eagerly over the valley before them.

Everywhere spread the dense forest, with not a break in its uniformity. The great snow-flakes fell softly down, loading the branches of the trees, and plastering their trunks with whiteness. At the point where their friends had paused, a fire at one time had evidently swept, causing a partial destruction of the forest. The tract over which the flames had passed was limited in extent, and the fact of such a visitation was to be accounted for only by supposing that the fire had, during a period of drought, been accidentally started by some hunter and then extinguished before spreading far by an opportune fall of rain.

The fire-blackened pines, their trunks covered on one side with the damp, clinging snow, gave an aspect unspeakably dreary to the spot. Some stood tall and jagged, dead at top, others fallen, their branches reaching out in the storm like wild, imploring hands. Others, having escaped the ravages of the flames, stood green and hopeful, receiving the snow as a benediction. In one place were noticed the stumps of a considerable number of huge trees that had been uprooted by the wind-fire and tempest had both visited that windy summit. The tops and trunks had mouldered away, and the snow falling upon the upturned roots and earth gave the appearance of a multitude of winter graves.

"How dreary!" was the simultaneous exclamation of the wanderers, struck by the remarkable sight presented.

A chill, that came not alone of the outside cold, went to their hearts as they gazed upon the desolate scene. But only for a few moments they contemplated it. The storm was wearing away, and the prospect of passing the night on the hills, if which they had at first spoken almost jestingly, became too much of a certainty.

"Lead on, Philip," said Frank. "I will follow this path as hardy as enough for us to ride through it. It is long in coming, but no narrower, leading only to the hole of a fox or the den of a bear."

"We will cross yonder valley, then, as the road appears to lead thither, trusting that beyond we may find some settler's cabin."

Again they proceeded, descending the rough slope and entering the woods below. Twilight came on, but lingered long, for it was an April evening and the snow-light seemed to lengthen the day, stormy as it was.

"A December afternoon would be different from this," remarked Frank. "It is well for us that darkness is so long in coming."

"I will be here soon enough," was the reply, "though the snow will prevent a blind night. We shall find this forest gloomy enough, however, if we do not emerge from it soon."

"If we could only reach the river," said the other, anxiously. "We might then be ourselves safe. A ride, either up or down its bank, would probably bring us to a place of shelter. Such a path as this, Phil, I never followed before. I believe it is nothing but a bear trail after all."

"We cannot do better than to follow it, even if it be that. It may take us to some settler's pigsty, for you know there is a fondness for visiting such places."

"I fear it would be our luck to take the wrong direction, and bring up at the bear's den instead of the former spot," said the young man gloomily.

Night had now fairly descended; the snow still fell, and had already gathered to the depth of several inches.

The lost ones had reached the opposite side of the valley, and through a gorge or ravine were leaving it behind them. It had become impossible to follow longer the uncertain road—if such it really were—that had led up to this time been their guide. It had ended or divided apparently at the mouth of the pass—at any rate there was little left to lead them—and they had determined to enter the ravine which was wide and inviting and offered few obstacles to their advance. Had the valley through which they had just passed contained a running stream, they would have followed it, presuming that it would empty into the river of which they were in search. But strange to say there was no sign of water, and they concluded that the valley was nothing more than one of those "elevated depressions" occasionally to be found in the mountainous parts of the State. Its limited extent and circular form, as observed from the fire-swept summit described, confirmed them in this view. They therefore chose to leave it while opportunity offered, and accordingly attempted the inviting pass.

But they knew not whether they were going to bear them out, or whether they were going to their only hope was that good fortune would Wearyness was upon their frames and gloom directed them to a refuge ere it was too late upon their spirits; their horses were becoming jaded, and could with difficulty be forced to bear them on. The poor brutes seemed as bewildered as their masters, apparently conscious of their distressing situation.

The snow fell had now lessened, but the wind increased in violence and the cold in intensity. A delicious languor began to creep over the bodies of the wanderers, but they aroused themselves and entered again into conversation, for they knew that to yield to that delicious feeling would be death. To increase the circulation of the blood and give warmth to their chilled bodies, they dismounted and led their horses forward up the pass.

Reaching the summit, they again mounted, and with awakened life in their limbs took fresh courage. But despair again succeeded, for there was nothing in their situation to keep their hopes alive. The same inhospitable wilderness engulfed them, and through it the tempest raged with a fearful might. In an agony of storm the forest rocked, and the dim light that the snow ceased to linger, served only to make visible the gloom and show them the utter dreariness of their surroundings.

"We are lost, Frank, I fear," said Philip Wayne, in tone of despair. "Lost forever. We have not strength to wander all night, and if we halt we perish. We were careless enough to neglect to provide ourselves with the means of making a fire. We might at least have kept from freezing had we been sufficiently provident. God help us! You will never see sweet Eliza Williams again, Frank, and I."

"Oh, cheer up, Philip," interrupted Frank, with an attempt at gaiety. "We are not dead men yet. But his looks expressed his fears, and the mention of that name caused him painful emotion."

"I know there's no use in despairing," said his friend, "but we might as well accept the facts. Let us go a little further, though this is a terribly cold spot."

They once more proceeded in what direction they knew not—when suddenly, as they were about yielding to despair, for longer to hope seemed vain, an exclamation of joy broke from the lips of Frank Leighton.

"We are near shelter!" he cried. His companion peered eagerly around.

"I see nothing," he said, "to encourage us."

"Nor I," answered Frank; "nothing is to be seen, but use your sense of smell, Phil."

Philip looked surprised, and sniffed the wintry air.

"Ah! I comprehend," he cried, with rising hope. "I detect the odor of fresh-burnt wood—smoke falling with the snow."

"That is it; we are near some human habitation. Hurrah!" He gave vent to his

joy in a ringing cheer that filled the forest with sounds more cheerful than the tumult of the storm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Philip, likewise rejoicing.

That their presumption was not unwarrantable a few steps further disclosed, for dimly through the snowy gloom, upon their delighted vision shone the light from the window of a rude forest-dwelling. Had Heaven itself opened before them with its brightness they could scarcely have been more rejoiced. They approached the cabin, dismounted, secured their horses, and knocked at the low door.

After a moment's waiting they heard a movement within, and a woman's voice bade them enter.

CHAPTER II. A TEMPORARY REFUGE.

Quickly obeying the summons, they opened the door, and presented themselves to the astonished gaze of the occupant of the hut. The figure before them was that of an elderly woman, whose appearance denoted the slightest possible acquaintance with civilization. Her features were bronzed almost to the hue of an Indian's, but, though rough and almost coarse, they were not unkindly in their expression. The quick look of surprise that showed upon them the moment she beheld the two young men, indicated that she expected other comers.

Her hair was unkempt, her attire disordered and tattered, and, considering the temperature of the atmosphere, none too abundant. The tall, ungainly form of this backwoods creature stood in most unfavorable contrast to the young men, who, in the centre of the cabin floor, her head almost touching the rafters above, and her surprised and questioning looks giving intense animation to her dark face.

"Why, lawks me! Who be ye?" she exclaimed, amazed that two such handsome and stranger-looking men should present themselves at that time and place.

"We are travellers, my good woman, lost on the hills," said Philip Wayne. "We are cold and tired, and would ask shelter for ourselves and horses."

"Come in, come in," cried the woman in tones of hospitable warmth. "It's a poor place, but such as it is, ye're welcome to it."

She directed them to rude seats before a blazing fire, whose ruddy gleams were truly contrasted with the gloom without, and whose aromatic odor was most grateful to their senses, as they remembered that by it they had first been made aware of their proximity to a place of refuge. They warmed their chilled bodies before the blazing logs, expressing to their entertainer their gratitude for her hospitality. They had suffered from the cold more than they at the time realized, for their exhausted frames, after the excitement and motion that for hours had kept warmth in them, had yielded to the reaction that followed, and became numb and insensibly weary.

The hard featured but kind hearted woman bustled about, replying to their expressions of gratitude by assurances of her pleasure in being able to afford to them such comfort and protection.

The first anxiety of the young men was for their horses—the poor brutes must have shelter or their masters would be at sea. This was also the woman's thought, for after her guests had partially warmed themselves, and just as they were about to mention the subject, she said:

"You say you hev horses outside; well, that's bad for them. What'll you do with 'em?"

"Isn't there a rough shed near that would afford them a partial shelter?" inquired Frank.

"Nathin' of the kind," was the reply. "Nuthin' better than a pine or hemlock, and the poor critters would freeze there. We keep 'em housed in our own sheds, and never let 'em out but on snow days."

"Our animals must be cared for, or we could not rest ourselves," said Philip Wayne. "Perhaps we are not distant from some lumber-camp or settlement. Could you not direct us there?"

"The woods be thick and thoughtful. There is a timber clearing not far away, and it's likely you'd find men and shelter there. And farther on is a patch of a settlement—a tavern and a string of shanties. But you'd never find that place yourselves in this storm, lost strangers in the parts here. You'd get lost and freeze, horses and all."

"But we must attempt to reach the settlement," spoke Frank Leighton. "Our horses have done well for us, and we must try to do the same for them."

"Horses is more than horses," remarked the woman, contentiously. "Ye must leave 'em alone. I hev't thought to hev 'em yet on the place ahead. But hold on a while, I'm expectin' my sons to home after a time. Sam and Jeff, and Jeff hev pilot you through."

The two travellers were indifferent as to whether it was "Jeff" or "Sam" who was to act as their guide, but they were determined to find comfortable quarters for their horses, if possible.

"So just you summer down, young fellers," continued their hostess imperiously, but not unkindly. "My boys will be along soon. Go out and hitch your horses on the sheltered side of this shanty, and I'll give you a couple of skins to throw over 'em. Won't that do?"

"Admirably," was the answer, as they departed to perform this service for their shivering animals.

The skins—bear-skins they were—were produced and looked on them, and the condition of the faithful beasts was thus rendered much more tolerable.

"If we could only give them a good feed," said Philip, "it would be better yet."

"I don't suppose they'd eat venison," remarked the woman, "and that's a night about all there is. But come in and get your own supper—you're famished, I know."



FRANK LEIGHTON AND PHILIP WAYNE LOST AMONG THE HILLS OF THE UPPER DELAWARE.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPIN-DOCTOR.

The Spin-doctor people showed their appreciation of the British drama as represented by the Spin-doctor people. Whether it was the influence of the Queen of the Theatre, or the Grand Duchess of the Theatre, or the simple matter of the performance, it was a question of the Spin-doctor people. The Spin-doctor people were in the family for a long time, and before the Herr had left the family for a long time, he had left the family for a long time. The Spin-doctor people were in the family for a long time, and before the Herr had left the family for a long time, he had left the family for a long time.

"If we only go on like this for another year or so, I'll be out of the family," exclaimed Herr Prusnowski cheerfully, "and start a theatrical public, somewhere on the Surrey side. It's a trying life, the wild, beast life."

"And a dangerous life too, William," said the little woman with a sigh.

"The renowned Radwals name in private life was William."

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon; and he's the cunningest beast that ever picked a quarrel. You're going into the front to-night, eh, Liz?"

"Oh, yes, I shall get a seat at the back of the boxes. Mrs. Frodger's going with me. She's took her ticket, and paid for it, you know, William, like a lady."

Mrs. Frodger was the Prusnowski's landlady, a pious, middle-aged woman, who had let lodgings to "theatricals" for the last twenty years.

"Ta-ta, Liz, then; I'm off."

"It's early, William. There's the Miller and his Men—that'll last an hour and a half, surely."

"I don't believe it'll play an hour. You ought to know what my best audience are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-bye."

This was a more congenial scene. The theatre, a fine, old building, was in the heart of the city. The Herr Prusnowski was in the theatre, and the little woman was in the theatre. The Herr Prusnowski was in the theatre, and the little woman was in the theatre.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on that memorable night at Manchester, which Herr Prusnowski had described to his friends; but the play was something of a triumph of humanity, the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces, and the other up to the roof.

The Miller and his Men were performed almost in dumb show, or seemed so to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the character of Grindoff, with a faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by and by.

Grindoff did not have a syllable of his part or the minutest detail of his stage business; not a stamp of his russet boot, or a scowl of his heavily-creased eyebrows; but the rest of the company, less enthusiastic, scowled their work to the other up to the roof.

The drama was recited through in one hour ten minutes and seven seconds by the prompter's chronograph.

Then came a stirring overture—the Brouse Horse—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drops rose and the music of a soul-appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones, and Robinson pitted resolutely grouped in the stock primal forest.

There was a pause. The house applauded vociferously. There was something stirring in the notion that the act-drops rose and the music of a soul-appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones, and Robinson pitted resolutely grouped in the stock primal forest.

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The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a fortissimo chord, the full orchestra, the lion-tamer, bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close-fitting flesh-colored raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good, strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood bowing and moving his lips in vague murmurs, with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all around the house with the gaze of calculation, till they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

Now the stalls at the Queen's Theatre, Spin-doctor, were a delusion and a snare. Spin-doctor at its best was not an aristocratic town, and the Queen's was not the aristocratic theatre of the Spin-doctor people. Except on a mayor's bespeak or under masculine patronage, the stalls were rarely tenanted.

There they were, two long rows of partitioned seats, covered with dusty red cloth.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two female looking closely women in evening dress, one male, and in the middle, in a position that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man, with a cadaverous nose, prominent light-grey eyes, and a hawk, reddish hair, carefully dressed in full evening costume.

He sat in an attitude of extreme attention, with his head bowed, his eyes fixed on the seat in front of him—he was in the back row, and his eyes fixed upon the lion-tamer. For the moment the sight of him seemed to turn Radwals Prusnowski to stone. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his feet savagely, angry with himself for his folly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lion-tamer—standing upon their backs, riding around the stage upon their backs, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the bills as a set of quadrilles, with galleons of paper, and otherwise depicting himself with them, the red-haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never stirring by a hair-breadth from his attentive attitude or turning his eyes away from the stage.

Then came the feature of the evening—a single combat between Herr Prusnowski and Robinson—who was described in the bills, by the way, as "Moloch, the royal bristled lion, presented to Herr Prusnowski by one of the native princes of the Punjab"—at the end of which the Herr dragged assunder the animal's jaw, and put his head into the red-hot looking mouth.

To-night, in spite of the deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, everything went a smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the tamer bent upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the *beneficence* was called for, there was no response. The prompter found him leaning against one of the wings, white to the lips.

"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked, in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one, look at me."

He was shaking in every limb, like a man stricken with ague.

"Why, what's the matter, Oddy?" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than the prompter of the Spin-doctor people.

"I'm going as soon as I can steady myself. I never neglected any business; but I've had a turn. I never thought I should come off the stage alive to-night."

"Why, the animals were quiet enough."

"Yes, so mild as lambs; but there's a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitious about anything else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about this man. He'll kill me, he'll kill me, and he'll come to see it."

"Prusnowski," said the prompter, "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you were a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable nevertheless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind.

"Come my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the audience, who were clamoring hoarsely for their favorite. "You'd better go on."

Prusnowski wiped his damp forehead, and pulled himself together, as it were.

"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance, and went through the narrow opening which that functionary made for him by pulling the heavy drop-scene a little on one side. He went on, made his accustomed mechanical bow, and crossed the stage, to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls all the time. The man was gone.

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him off to the dressing-room, where the two rival surgeons of Lowshore came rushing in to him, five minutes after the fact. Surgery could do nothing; his ribs were crushed to powder, and there was a perforation of the lung and hemorrhage. He breathed stertorously for about half an hour, and then died, without one ray of returning consciousness.

"Strange," the red-haired gentleman used to say afterward, when he told the story as a pleasant kind of thing after dinner, and in some manner reflecting distinction upon himself; "the poor devil was the second of his trade I ever killed, and I had come across him three times at long intervals in the course of my travels in the North. I take a considerable interest in that sort of thing; there's more excitement about it than there is in the drama. Prusnowski was a very respectable fellow; had saved money, I believe; and left his wife and children comfortably provided for."

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Subscription prices: Single copies, 10c; Six months, 50c; One year, \$1.00.

Advertisements: Single lines, 10c per line; Longer advertisements, by agreement.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 4, 1873, under Post Office No. 100, at New York, N. Y., under Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.

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